I am determined to prooue a villaine,
And hate the idle pleasures of these daies:
Plots haue I laid, inductious dangerous,
By drunken Prophesies, libels and dreames,
To set my brother Clarence and the King
In deadly hate the one against the other.
And if King Edward be as true and iust,
As I am subtile, false, and trecherous:
This day should Clarence closely be mewed vp,
About a Prophecy which saies that G.
Of Edwards heires the murtherers shall be.
Diue thoughts downe to my soule, *Enter Clarence with a gard of men.*
Heere Clarence comes,
Brother, good dayes, what meanes this armed gard (pointed
That waites vpon your grace?
Cla. His Maiestie tendering my persons safety hath ap-
This conduct to conuey me to the tower.
Glo. Vpon what cause?
Cla. Because my name is George:
Glo. Alacke my Lord, that fault is none of yours,
He should for that commit your Godfathers:
O belike his maiestie hath some intent
That you shall be new christned in the tower.
But whats the matter Clarence may I know?
Cla. Yea Richard when I know; for I protest
As yet I do not, but as I can learne,
He harkens after prophecies and dreames,
And from the crosse-rowe pluckes the letter G:
And saies a wizard told him that by G,
His issue disinherited should be.
And for my name of George begins with G,
It followes in his thought that I am he.
These as I learne and such like toies as these,
Haue mooued his highnesse to commit me now.
Glo. Why this it is when men are rulde by women,
Tis not the King that sends you to the tower,
My Lady Gray his wife, Clarence tis she,
That tempts him to this extremitie:
Was it not she and that good man of worship Anthony

Anthony Wooduile her broth
That made him send Lord Ha
From whence this present day
We are not safe Clarence, we a
Cla. By heauen I thinke th
But the Queenes kindred and
That trudge betwixt the King
Heard ye not what an humble
Lord Hastings was to her for h
Glo. Humbly complaining
Got my Lord Chamberlaine h
Ile tell you what, I thinke it is
If we will keepe in fauour with
To be her men and weare her
The iealous oreworne widow
Since that our brother dubd th
Are mightie gossips in this mo
Bro. I beseech your Graces
His Maiestie hath straightlie g
That no man shall haue priuat
Of what degree soeuer with hi
Glo. Euen so and please you
You may partake of any thing
We speake no treason man, we
Is wise and vertuous, and his no
Well strooke in yeares, faire ar
We say that Shores wife hath a
A cherry lippe, a bonny eye,
And that the Queenes kindred
How say you sir, can you deni
Bro. With this (my Lord) t
Glo. Naught to do with Mist
He that doth naught with her
Were best he do it secretly alo
Bro. What one my Lord?
Glo. Her husband knaue, we
Bro. I beseech your Grace
Your conference with the nob

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